

# The Scholastic Year.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT NOTRE DAME. DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

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### WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION AT NOTRE DAME.

The morning of the Twenty-Second was ushered in by a cold snap, which made it somewhat disagreeable for a public demonstration, and caused a lively demand for coats both great and small.

Fortifying ourselves externally against the attacks of *Boreas*, and internally rousing the fires of patriotism, we ventured forth to make observations.

As yet nothing remarkable had occurred to disturb the general routine of college life, when suddenly the thirty-six brass pieces of Prof. O'Neil's "heavy artillery" thundered forth Washington's Grand March, directly in front of the College. This was the signal for raising the flag, which soon floated in graceful waves from the dome. Hail Columbia, Yankee Doodle and other national airs, followed in quick succession. Having thus initiated the day with appropriate ceremonies, the remainder of the forenoon was devoted to making the necessary preparations for the coming literary entertainment in Washington Hall, to which all looked forward with great joy and expectation.

As the hour was approaching, carriage after carriage rolled over the college premises to pour out their joyous occupants—visitors from the neighboring cities of South Bend, Niles and Elkhart.

Precisely at half past two, P. M., the Cornet Band, always on the *qui vive*, struck up a grand Entrance March, and before the last notes had fairly expired, Washington Hall presented the enchanting scene of a sea of bright and beaming

faces. The band was succeeded by the Orchestra which, although deprived by sickness of several of its best performers, sustained its reputation, as was evident from the hearty rounds of applause it received.

After an unnecessary delay of a few moments, the curtain rose, and the audience was treated to a song and chorus—the *Alma Mater* of Professor Girac. The difficult soprano solo was affectingly rendered by Masters Charles Hutchings and Benj. Heffernan, whose sweet melodious voices were evidently well cultivated, and accorded most harmoniously together, doing full justice to the composition, the effect of which was greatly heightened by the splendid orchestral accompaniment. We have heard few singers who are better calculated to please. The chorus was not so successful as we would desire. The voices were well balanced, but the whole was lacking in spirit and execution, which created quite a cold and unappreciative attention among the audience, allowing it to pass by without any signification of their pleasure. Notwithstanding this discouraging circumstance, we hope the chorus will be brought out again on some future occasion to enable it to redeem itself.

A more attractive part of the programme was now at hand, namely: "Practical Elocution as exemplified by the Junior Collegiate Department." This department was but lately formed into an elocution class, under the immediate direction of Prof. Griffith, the renowned Elocutionist. The various roles allotted to each student were executed in a manner that gave the greatest satisfaction to the audience.

The *Pantomime* was a noticeable feature of the exhibition, its object being to discipline the mind

and lend grace and energy to the movements of the body. It was executed by the whole class, the performance presenting a unique and pleasing spectacle. The various evolutions were performed with an ease and precision which speaks volumes in praise of the care of the director. This mute demonstration was followed by a rather serio-comical colloquy taking place between Mr. John Flanigan, assuming the role of an unbeliever in the art of Elocution, and several Pantomimists, ending in the complete discomfiture of the unbeliever and his final conversion to the art of elocution. This happy result was brought about by the combined efforts of Messrs. David Wile, Asa Wetherbee, Geo. Bower, Jas. F. Ryan, Wm. Reynolds and Franklin Dwyer, who respectively gave the audience a general idea of elocution, then the definition, the principles, the description of the various qualities of the voice, etc.—all of which kept the assembly in mute admiration.

Master Robert Staley followed with his silent gestures and positions, and almost succeeded in drawing tears from the eyes of his hearers by the pathetic rendition of "Little Jim."

Master Charles Hutchings gave us a practical demonstration of the "High Pitch;" Master Jas. Wilson preferred the "Moderate Pitch;" Master Frank Ingersoll rejoiced in the "Low Pitch," and Master Lawrence Wilson carried his audience to the clouds by his "Very High Pitch" of voice.

Having thus been *pitched* about, we regained our self-possession under the persuasive influence of "Gentle and Moderate Force," in the "Brigade at Fontenoy," recited by Master Michael Mahony, a promising youth. Master J. McGinnis disposed of us in "Very Quick Time," and Mr. Franklin Dwyer kept his audience in roars of laughter by his "Circumflex" sing-song. Master Asa Wetherbee gave us a complete history of a "Moustache," the want of which probably prevented him from personifying his best. Besides the above named gentlemen, there were many others in the Junior Collegiate Department who contributed largely to the general amusement.

The Orator of the Day now made his appearance, in the person of Mr. William T. Johnson. This talented young gentleman handled his subject with all the skill and dexterity of an adept. His introductory sentences, however, were somewhat inaudible, but as he became more acquainted with his audience, he "fired up" accordingly. Rapidly reviewing the early life of Washington, he hurried us over battle-fields, comparing him to

other great heroes both of the *old* and *new* Revolution. It was evident that some ill-boding prognostic lay heavily upon the speaker's mind forbidding him to invoke the spirit of Washington, to look down upon his once beloved land. Amid prolonged applause he retired. Here the band kindly volunteered to play the connecting link.

The recitation of "Spartacus to the Gladiators," by Master Chas. Dodge, was listened to with the utmost attention. The speaker entered completely into the spirit of the piece, fully realizing his position, and showing himself complete master of graceful gesticulation.

He was succeeded by Mr. Jno. Flauigan in a recitation of "The Baron's Last Banquet." This young gentleman combines within himself all the elements of a good speaker, and we do not hesitate in pronouncing him a future elocutionist. Before his final bow was made, the Band again burst forth in its usually grand harmonious style, lifting us up from our seats. This explosion of harmony was followed by the less nerve exciting strains of the Orchestra in the form of "Washington Schottische," arranged for the occasion by Prof. Girac. The musicians evidently did their best to make a favorable impression.

The greatest event of the afternoon, however, was the appearance of the principal attraction, Prof. A. A. Griffith himself. He appeared upon the stage amid a perfect storm of applause, which fairly shook the Hall. It was a reception that might well make him feel proud.

He opened with a selection from Longfellow, the "Ship of State." Throughout the entire piece the most breathless silence and the most strict attention prevailed, and at its close the Hall again shook to the thunders of an *encore*. He responded with well selected portions of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" from Shakspeare. To attempt a criticism would be useless, for there is nothing to criticise, and every thing to praise. His personation of the different characters was excellent. A perfect elocutionist, he is of that intellectual caste of mind which is necessary to an appreciative and sympathetic rendition of various *roles*.

The closing remarks were made by Rev. Father Superior, who expressed, in a few words, his own great satisfaction, thereby only reflecting the sentiments of his hearers. The Cornet Band striking up a lively march for retiring, the assembly reluctantly dispersed.

The entertainment, on the whole, was one of the most interesting that has been given in Wash-

ington Hall for some time; combining instruction and amusement with the gratification of the taste of the public for novelty. We have seldom seen an audience that was better pleased—a sufficient indication of the character of the celebration of Washington's Birthday at Notre Dame.

### PHILODEMIO.

The Philodemic Literary Association held its twenty-second regular meeting on last Tuesday evening. The President being absent, the house was called to order by the Vice-President. After the usual preliminaries, the performance commenced. An essay, of some length, on "Ambition" was read by Mr. James O'Reilly, and reflected great credit upon him. It was hailed with considerable applause. The following question was then debated: "Are Lawyers beneficial?" Messrs. Cunnea and McClain, who had been appointed to defend the negative, were both unwell. Messrs. Rodnan and Short kindly volunteered in the place of the above named gentlemen. The affirmative was supported by Messrs. Johnson and Nelson. Those engaged in the debate acquitted themselves very well, considering the circumstances. Mr. Nelson, although this was his second debate, produced *nineteen* distinct arguments in favor of the affirmative. The President gave no direct decision, but said that one of the "aforesaid" nineteen was not refuted; hence virtually deciding for the affirmative. Some of the officers having gone home, an election was held with the following result:

*Recording Secretary*—Wm. A. Walker.

*First Censor*—James Edwards.

The time of the Critics having expired, the same gentlemen, Messrs. O'Reilly and Johnson, were re-elected. The Two-Penny Gazette was then read, and created applause, since a new series of articles had been commenced in it. Mr. S. L. Moore now volunteered and gave a very fine declamation. He is the best declaimer in the house. Mr. Wm. Cornelius Nelson made a few remarks on various subjects, after which the Association adjourned.

REPORTER.

THE "Tatler" of the *London Review*, says: "We are told that during the year 1867, four hundred and ten novels have been published,—nearly a novel and a half a day; and this does not include magazine tales." Oh the profound nineteenth century!

### SOLILOQUY OF ONE OF THE ABORIGINES.

An Old Jay having remained all winter in the grove of St. Aloysius' Novitiate, was overheard by A Student soliloquizing in verse, as he—Old Jay—perched in a dejected mood on one leg on the third branch of the oak tree at the end of the avenue leading directly to the backdoor of the Novitiate. This event happened on the first bright day of the month,—in fact—to be exact—last Wednesday, as A Student had fallen back from his companions to meditate alone. It is unnecessary and perhaps irrelevant to state that A Student's meditations resulted in convincing himself that all the things of this earth are no better than a smoke.

The sun has come out, and I haven't a doubt

That we'll soon have the trees dressed all out in green—

That is, if a tree be left standing about,

For they're rapidly passing away from the scene.

In the good old times the trees were so thick

Around my good old nest, that without any presumption,

I voted the farm-steward a regular brick,

From the fact that he showed a great deal of gumption

In sparing the trees, whether bad, whether good,

The oaks and the dogwood—the hickory and ash,

And paying in dollars a cord for his wood,

And getting his rails ready made—all for cash.

Ah! the times then were gay, when a good, honest Jay

Could quarrel in peace, without any fuss,

And declare "civil war" to his cousins, and they

Could join with a will in a good-natured muss.

The squirrels tho' they were detestable creatures,

Could find nuts in plenty, and lay by a store;

The Owls, tho' they too were obnoxious screechers,

Could find gloom in plenty, and ne'er wish for more.

But alack and alas! we've come to a pass

That's terrible, awful indeed,—to reflect on,

The wood is cut down, and all's gone to grass—

I'm sure a gray feather or two I detect on

My jaunty blue crest,—and may I be blest

If those choppers keep on—the horrible frights!

I'll certainly hurt 'em—at least, try my best,

To be let alone and stand up for my rights.

I'll get on a tree, as close as can be

To their big house down there where they pore over books,

And should *they* want to see whether it's *me*

That's singing, and poke out their heads,  
adzooks!  
I'll make a quick dart that'll give them a start,  
I'll pluck out their eyes; I'll twitch off their  
noses—  
I'll soon make 'em smart and I'll never depart  
Till I've knocked off their hats and torn off  
their clothes,\*  
And if they should walk—but what use to talk,  
To be sure they'll be sporting along thro' the  
shade—  
Their sport I will balk, and I'll make 'em chalk  
The quickest steps home that ever were made.  
I'll fly at them quick, and give 'em lick,  
And knock off their caps and make such a jam,  
That they'll swear such a trick never happened,  
*avick*;  
In centuries back as far as Adam.

At this crisis Old Jay hopped about excitedly,  
and catching sight of A Student, made one fell  
swoop at him, which A Student dodged dexter-  
ously, and then took to his heels expeditiously  
and with rapidity, leaving Old Jay cocking up  
his tail joyously, and making the "blue ether"  
resound with his triumphant cries! A curious  
coincidence may be here noted. A inmate of the  
Novitiate passing under the tree on which Old  
Jay had made his soliloquy, found a singular in-  
strument, which was pronounced, by one skilled  
in Grecian and Milesian antiquities, to be a  
veritable *dudheen*. U. B. D.

\* Old Jay evidently meant clothes, but we must make allow-  
e for his excitement.

WE are again indebted to our excellent friend,  
A. M. Talley, Esq., for valuable donations to the  
College Library. Among the works presented,  
we notice: first, the first volume of the oldest Cath-  
olic newspaper in the United States, the *United  
States Catholic Miscellany*,—published in Charles-  
ton, S. C., in 1822; second, the first two volumes  
of *The Catholic Press*, published at Hartford, Conn.  
in 1829-30-31, and edited by Mr. Talley himself;  
third, one number of the *Ulster County Gazette*,  
printed at Kingston, N. Y., January the 4th, 1800,  
and in which a full account of the death and  
burial of George Washington is recorded. Wash-  
ington died—as all know—on the 14th of Decem-  
ber 1799.

WILL some of our algebraists have the kind-  
ness to send us a solution of the following prob-  
lem?—To what *power* should Andrew Johnson  
be raised to clear him of *radicals*?

#### St. Cecilia-Philomathean Association.

The report of the seventeenth regular meeting  
of this society, held on Sunday evening the 16th  
inst., by some mistake, was mislaid. The debate  
was—

*Resolved*, "That Public Education benefits the  
student more in after-life than Private Educa-  
tion." It was ably conducted. On the affirmative  
were Masters F. P. Dwyer, J. Dunn, J. Wilson  
and M. O'Mahony; on the negative Masters Geo.  
Bowers, Jas. Sutherland and A. Wetherbee. The  
President, after summing up the arguments on  
both sides, gave the decision in favor of the  
affirmative. The speakers prepared their argu-  
ments very well and their language was select.  
With more practice they will become excellent  
debaters.

The eighteenth regular meeting was held  
Sunday, Feb. 23d. After the usual preliminaries,  
the following gentlemen gave recitations and  
read essays. J. Flanigan, (rec.) "Scott and the  
Veteran,"—splendidly delivered—J. Wilson, (rec.)  
"Washington's Farewell to his Army," J. Dunn,  
(essay) "Alpine Horn," in which the description  
of the rising of the sun was quite vivid. There  
being a little more time, several followed with  
voluntary speeches, after which the subject for  
next Session's debate was given:

*Resolved*, "That moral force is more powerful  
in forwarding civilization than physical force."  
Also, the following persons were appointed to  
read essays and deliver speeches: Essayists, Messrs.  
J. Flanigan, A. Wetherbee, D. J. Wile and M. O'-  
Mahony; Declaimers, Messrs. R. McCarthy, J. F.  
Ryan, H. Moody, J. McGinnis, R. Staley, George  
Bower, F. Ingersoll and T. Batman. Also, the  
following biographical sketches were required to  
be prepared for the month of March: "Daniel  
Webster," Master W. Reynolds, "Henry Clay,"  
H. Moody. The meeting then adjourned.

J. SUTHERLAND, Cor. Sec.

DR. CASSIDY.—This talented young physician,  
now practising in connection with Dr. Myers, is,  
as most of our readers are already aware, the  
first "B. S." of Notre Dame. The Doctor's visits  
to our infirmary, in his medical capacity, have  
already resulted in inspiring confidence in his skill  
among those who heretofore had only known  
him by reputation. As to his fellow-students  
who still remain here, it is needless to say that  
they are rejoiced to see him at the beginning of  
a promising, eminently useful, and, no doubt,  
successful career.

## "THE RECOGNITION."

## ACT THIRD—SCENE I.

*The Duke's room in the Fortress of Montefalco—Duke alone pensive, walking slowly.*

*Duke.*—Thank heaven, I am Duke once more, with all the brightest prospects before me! Spoleto reigns from sea to sea, except on that small speck of land on which Macerata is reared. Oh! it was a bold engagement—yes it was—my chances were few. He had the best men with him, now slain and strewn on the plain by the hundred. *He had the right, too, Spoleto.* Thy bravery alone saved thee, for justice was not in thy ranks. The brave men who followed me, ignored my motives.—Glory was their incentive, but AMBITION was mine! 'Tis why even in the midst of my triumph, I do not feel at ease. To their eyes I am glorious, but, to mine eye,—I am—WRETCHED. Three years I have worked *that*—three years I have upheld a treacherous policy, and the edifice which I have built, rests on the sand. It rests on the discovery of Julio—Julio! (weeping)—yes—fine boy! unaware of my unjust dealings! unconscious of what even a boy would regard as the greatest crime—unconscious of being stolen away from his parent!—Now I am glorious—I am sovereign of a vast state. What shall I say to *that* boy? Shall I tell him that in the fight I met his father that our lances were entangled, and that I threw him mercilessly on the ground? that I saw his eyes gleaming with fire and vengeance, that his venerable brow was besmeared with blood, and that his raven locks kissed the sod. Shall I announce to him what my ears caught from his lips when he laid prostrate on the ground? (Robber of my treasure, tell my Antonio that his father's heart heaves and sighs more at the thought of dishonor than of death! Shall I tell him what he said when frightened at the sight of my disarmed foe, I rode away—those words which ring in my ear even now? Go bandit, thy prey God shall snatch from thee.) Oh! this is what I heard, and in the very moment of my dear triumph, those words resound to my ears above the shouts of victory. Yet the fates bid me on. To delay would be to increase the danger of Julio's discovery. To recoil would be an injustice to my followers—I am driven. The blood spilt urges me on. Would that at my last moment I could reconcile my actions and my conscience. Would that I could receive forgiveness from those I so cruelly wrong! (He perceives Stephano.) Ah! here—Stephano—what brings you here? (Aside.) Curse him if he heard me.

*Stephano.*—My lord duke, I thought that something sad disturbed your mind. I dared not come in sooner.

*Duke.*—You heard me, did you?

*Stephano.*—I could little hear what my lord said, it being none of my business to listen to the sayings of your excellence; but I thought I would usher myself in your presence and bring to you alone this strange message. (Gives him an arrow, on which is a letter.)

*Duke.*—What can this mean? (he takes the letter and reads with amazement)—you read it, did you?

*Stephano.*—I—*did*, your excellency. It fell on the battlement of the tower, and came whizzing by my face; I and Lorenzo and Gratiano read it.

*Duke.*—(quickly.) Did Julio also read it?

*Stephano.*—No, sir, only we three; we thought it might be of importance—perhaps some treason—and \* \* \*

*Duke.*—Treason—no doubt, good Stephano; I understand its meaning, but it is defeated by our victory—the traitor has been slain; you may retire with our thanks, Stephano.

*Stephano.*—Shall I keep secret about it?

*Duke.*—It becomes your age to be discreet, and for aught I know, it is better not to make further mention of it. (Stephano goes away; the duke flings the arrow outside.)

*Duke.*—Zounds—this would discountenance the most resolute man. Double blunder. Fool that I was to count with Bartolo; this steel shaft was shot by one of his spies, no doubt. Why did I not

dispatch him when I had him? can I expect that he will relent, and that he will value my momentary compassion on him when I hold the dagger continually pointed to his heart. 'Tis a lamentable fault to have bowels for mercy out of season. Victorious as I am I little know the danger which even now I run. Speed and vigilance are more than ever necessary. I must see if Riccardo has yet returned from the pursuit. Perhaps he may have overtaken the Prince and Bartolo. Oh, 'twould be well. Riccardo is little scrupulous. It matters not to him on whom he rears his battle axe.

*Squire.*—Your Excellence, I come to announce to you the arrival of his honor, Riccardo; he desires to be introduced to you at once—some important affair demands it, he says.

*Duke.*—Bring him in immediately.

*Riccardo.*—(bows.) Lord Duke, I come to make you aware of the result of our expedition. We arrived too late to prevent the enemy from entering Macerata.

*Duke.*—Your manœuvre was too slow!!

*Riccardo.*—They were *too swift* for us, Lord Duke, they had the best horses; it was a close game though.

*Duke.*—Could you see them distinctly? You saw the Prince, and some of his courtiers; how many were they?

*Riccardo.*—My lord, I saw plainly the Prince; by his side rode a venerable warrior; both were dashing directly towards Macerata.

*Duke.*—(aside.) 'Twas Bartolo, I see—humph. How many men had they.

*Riccardo.*—I could not tell, as I little heeded their strength; my object was to head them and cut them off; yet from the noise of their horses' hoofs, I should think they were at least five hundred.

*Duke.*—(pensive.) Riccardo speed to give our orders; everything must be ready for immediate departure; go—go. (Riccardo retires.)

*Duke.*—(alone.) Five hundred men! why did he not say five thousand, and at the same time tell me that Bartholo is no more. But he cannot escape. Macerata is a trap hole where he shall be buried with his secret. Now time is precious; I must see Fabiano. He (pensively) must by this time have informed Julio of the pretended death of his father. Fabiano will tell him that Bartolo died bravely, fighting by my side—and that his last words were of his Julio—that he begged the Duke to be his protector, his father, ah—ah. All this looks very plausible, if the air of sincerity beaming on good Fabiano's face is added to it—for Fabiano believes it himself, and forsooth he feels deeply the sad news—ah! here he comes. (Enter Fabiano.) Well, my good Fabiano, how did Julio receive the cruel intelligence of his father's death?

*Fabiano.*—(moved.) I would rather fight two battles to one telling a boy of his father's death, hard-hearted as I am.

*Duke.*—(hypocrite.) 'Tis a sad duty to perform. Fabiano, 'tis enough to melt brazen hearts, yet he knows it. You told him all—that his father died at my *side*, that I received his last words, and that he entrusted me with his beloved Julio.

*Fabiano.*—I told him all I heard from your lips. I forgot nothing that would impress him—indeed I cried when I made him the picture of that venerable knight full of years and honor, dying only a few paces from his son, and yet denied by circumstances the pleasure of seeing him.

*Duke.*—(I fain would weep myself.) Did the thought that I would accept him for my son soothe his sorrows? Do you think he will soon forget that cruel bereavement?

*Fabiano.*—Forget, Bartolo; oh! how could he? I myself shall never forget this last interview with the boy, yet the thought that there is one left to take a fatherly care of him, seemed to check his tears and moderate his grief; whilst there is youth there is hope, and early impressions are not lasting.

*Duke.*—Fabiano, receive my warm thanks for the sad duty you performed in my stead. It would have grieved me above my strength to tell it to him myself. Receive my warm thanks again

and hurry everything for a speedy departure. In the meanwhile bid the courtiers and my household to meet in the great hall —, go. (Aside.) It matters not to me when the secret is discovered, provided it remains sealed two weeks longer. Macerata once mine, and the Prince disposed of, the people will have to side with me, whether I have a son or not. (They leave the room in opposite directions.)

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

Conscience may be defined as that faculty of the soul by which man is enabled to judge of his conduct and deeds, and to determine whether they are good or evil. It is also denominated the moral sense, which guides us in the paths of truth and justice. Conscience is often called a natural instinct or feeling, for it seems not to be produced by reason, but rather by a natural desire or inclination. Something analogous to this we see exemplified in the brute creatures, for though entirely devoid of reason, yet they possess a sort of consciousness of what relates to their own species, and this consciousness is called instinct, which animals possess, some in a higher and some in a lower degree, all, however, having a natural care and tenderness for their young.

In young persons we generally find as much virtue and piety as in older persons, although the latter may have a greater power of reasoning; and as much morality is practised among the rude and unlearned, as among those in the most refined state of society.

Thus, in the gift of this faculty we behold the divine wisdom and beneficence of the Almighty; for it is the means He has taken to make known to us, all our duties in this life towards our fellow creatures. We can well picture to our minds the state of man, if he did not possess this supernatural gift, we know that he would be but little above the brute. But now he is led by his conscience to admire those things that are good, and to condemn such as are evil, or have an injurious effect upon him. He is directed in the ways of virtue, and if he heeds the inward warnings of conscience, he is sure to prosper, and to be contented and happy; for it is only the possessor of a pure and unstained conscience, —one that has not the impression of vice stamped upon its face, who can, in reality, be looked upon as a happy person. He is at peace with the world, and consequently can rest with one of the greatest of human comforts, namely, the consolation of having no enemies. He knows whom he should reverence; that he should pity

the poor and miserable, injure no one, and wish well to all.

Let us view the person who is tormented with a guilty conscience, who is buried in vice and wickedness. No one is foolish enough to say that such a person is happy. Happiness may indeed be the object he pursues, but in his endeavors to satisfy his worldly desires, he renders himself inwardly miserable. His conscience, the interior monitor, warns him of the effect of his crimes,—that they will lead him blindly to destruction, but he heeds it not. What miseries attend him,—miseries too great and numerous for contemplation! His conscience even betrays him, for as is always noticeable, he tries to conceal all appearances of his vices, but in his vain efforts to do so, he attracts the attention of all, by assuming a carriage and an expression of countenance different from his usual manner, and is thus suspected of some crime. The most vicious men are generally considered the greatest cowards, and yet they do not appear to be afraid of the law. The murderer, when on his bloody mission, trembles with fear, and at the slightest noise, is startled, each rustling leaf as it is blown by a gentle wind is sufficient to terrify him. What is it that thus produces this feeling of terror with which he is affected? What is it that stays his trembling arm when he is about to strike the fatal blow? If he commits the deed, what is it that bids him conceal himself? If the murderer goes out into the world, he enjoys not the company of friends; for him the summer sun shines no more; all that is beautiful and attractive, in nature or art, is lost to him, and to him refreshing rest is a stranger. At last, he sees no other alternative than to confess his crime, and await the action of the law and justice. This is applicable not only to the murderer, but also to the robber and the burglar, who often become possessors of valuable articles, but are never known to prosper; and how often do we not read of stolen goods being restored to the owners, for the reason that they could not be enjoyed. Hence it is, that all our happiness in this world depends upon the possession of a good conscience, and the source of the greatest punishment lies in its unhappy privation.

THE Quarterly Bulletins will be sent to the parents during the course of next week.

FIND the centre of the Fenian Circle.



## The St. Cecilia-Philomathean Society.

We had lately the pleasure of attending a *Collation à la fourchette* given by this Association, (one of the most ancient in the college) on the afternoon of *Mardi gras*. The invited guests were numerous and distinguished, comprising the Rev. President and Vice-President of the University, several prominent members of the Faculty, and representatives from the Literary, Dramatic and Musical Societies of the house,—the Philomatheans having always made it a point to set an example of courtesy to all. This Association is now in the flower of its age. The fostering care of Prof. Lyons—always the devoted friend of the Junior Department—having guarded it and infused animation into it during the long series of events which has characterized its rise and progress. It may have changed its members, its directors, its very name, but Prof. Lyons' devoted attention it has found to be unalterable. Under this state of affairs can we wonder that it has flourished? Echo answers: Certainly not.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY, }  
Feb. 25th, 1868. }

## TABLES OF HONOR.

*Senior Department.*—Misses Mary Carriher, F. North, C. Davenport, Virginia Brown, L. McManman, M. Barnett; V. Bragg, J. Murray, H. Thomson, Julia Gittings, Clara Casteeter and Mary Rooney.

*Junior Department.*—Misses Amelia and Anna Boyles, L. Niel, Anna Clark, Mary Sissons, Agnes Longley, A. Byrnes, H. Hunt and K. Foremann.

## HONORABLE MENTION.

*Graduating Class.*—Misses C. and L. Plimpton, Mary Tripp, K. Doran, Mary Twomey, H. Brooks, Blanche Walton, M. Forrester, L. Murray and F. Alspaugh.

*First Senior Class.*—Misses K. Livingston, M. Van Patten, L. and L. Tong, Agnes Ewing, K. Cunnea, Laura Lewis, Emma Longsdorf, J. Arrington, M. Ball and M. Wolfe.

*Second Senior Class.*—Misses S. Rooney, Mary Morrill, C. Bertrand, Mary Chouteau, Rosanna Mukautz, K. Graham, F. Grimes, A. Darcy, M. Walton, Frances Gittings, H. Lill, Emma Pickett,

Emma Conan, Christina Thomson, N. Taber, Martha Stirling, Teresa Stapleton, A. Tarrant and Mary Claffey.

*Third Senior Class.*—Misses N. Ogle, R. Rettig, Amanda Sissons, Alice Dunn, Josephine Greishop, K. Carpenter, T. Lafferty, W. Corby, M. Keenan, Clara Foote, L. Bicknell, E. Howard, N. Simms, K. Connor, E. Lindsay, Rose Joslin, B. Gardner, M. Toberty, H. Niel and Julia Walker.

*First Intermediate Class.*—Misses E. Cooney, M. and L. Cummerford, Mary Simms, A. Wiley, E. Thompson, Josephine and Esther Lonergan and Mary Oechtering.

*Second Intermediate Class.*—Miss M. Walker.

*First Junior Class.*—Misses M. O'Meara, A. Metzger, Mary Clark and N. O'Meara.

## EXAMPLES OF THE PAST.

Many causes contribute to our belief that the ages of the past afford more worthy examples for our imitation than those of a more recent date. Humiliating as the admission may prove to our egotism, we must admit that in the ages of chivalry we can count instances of unselfish military heroism and valor, to which our own can lay no pretension, and that vast as are our resources of information, men of *profound* learning and thought are far more rare than in what may be styled—less favored times. The exalted military courage, and the erudition of the past, have been presented to our emulation, handed down to us, as we shall in our turn bequeath our legacy to succeeding generations. This would naturally lead to the inference that our age must stand superior to all others, since it is in possession of the united experience of all preceding times, to instruct and enlighten the people.

Example, we know, is pronounced a much more effectual teacher than precept, but we must not forget that there are conditions to be supplied on the part of those before whom example is set. Unfortunately in our own times, when the disposition to avarice, effeminacy, and vanity are so common, we find few names, especially of our own sex, deserving of our homage, or indicating that good examples have been faithfully followed.

Rich as are the archives of preceding centuries in instances of noble intrepidity, and *more* noble self-sacrifice, where we find the young maiden ready to admire and do honor by imitation, to the glorious virtues of an Isabella of Spain, or a Teresa of Avila, we find *hundreds* rejoicing in the shrewd statesmanship of an Elizabeth of England, or a Catharine of Russia, and exalting the standard of mere intellectual brilliancy, blended with glaring vices, above that of high moral worth. Where there is one to prize the angelic purity of soul, marking the holy career of a St. Agnes, we find *millions* falling down to embrace the standard of some wretched creature, born of the romancer's corrupt imagination. Virtue, to the large majority of the present generation, has never, or never will, amount to anything beyond "*fine talk*." It is true that we possess numberless examples of men who, from being poor boys, have become our most influential statesmen, or successful financiers, but this can be looked upon as but the triumph of self-aggrandizing propensities, and not of any really praiseworthy qualities. We have also, it is true, a most striking instance of successful generalship in the person of Napoleon Bonaparte, but the disordered state of Europe at the period of his conquests made kingdoms an easy prey to his ambition, and after the utmost is said in his praise, what is there to com-

mand our approbation in his life? Ingratitude, cold, cruel thirst for power, the instinct to earn popularity without the moral principle to retain it, and we have the portrait of the greatest emperor of many ages. Godfrey stands infinitely above him because of the moral grandeur of his soul. So does Tancred, so does Richard of the Lion Heart.

We can scarcely turn a page of history without being struck with the contrast. Past ages abound with literary names; writers, both prose and poetical, who completely eclipse our proudest authors; and as time advances, examples become less frequent, and farther apart. The literature of the present date we sincerely believe is not on an equal footing with that of fifty years ago. Morals have degenerated, and literature has been dragged down until brought on a level with them. Popular novels sell well. Literary Reviews are at a discount. In the Middle Ages, genius lived in the atmosphere of heroism, and men naturally gave expression to the noble emotions aroused by its performance, hence we find such names as Dante, Boccaccio, and Tasso, among the poets; Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, among painters; Mozart and Haydn among musicians. Genius did not then, so frequently as at present, pander to the fancies of a vitiated public. Noble images were represented in art. Subjects employed by the artist and author, were dignified in their nature, and were neither sensual nor frivolous. Such we must confess is seldom the case to-day. Principle is the last thing thought of by our first-class writers, sculptors, painters, and musicians, and it is to be hoped that by posterity they will be consigned to the oblivion they so justly merit. However, whether in the tropic, or in the temperate zones, in one country or in another, if we are willing to profit by the examples left by the honored dead, they are our lawful inheritance. This legacy has been transmitted to us, and no earthly power can take it away; but whether we follow them or not, is left for each one to decide. To use a somewhat hackneyed but appropriate parallel from Harris, "as wax would prove inadequate to the purpose of signature if it had not the power to retain as well as receive the impression of the seal, so the soul without the aid of imagination would lose the impression made upon the senses." Permit us to compare the example of the truly great, to the impression above cited. Unless practised, received into good and honest hearts, it is like your name written upon the water. No trace is left. The letters are gone before your hand is removed. If, however, great examples are practised, they are like the mark of the seal upon the wax, or rather like the tracery of the chisel on the stone. The impression can never be removed. The characters of the good and great become assimilated to our own. Their thoughts, their struggles, their triumphs stimulate our efforts, and imitating their noble deeds, the seal of their virtues is impressed upon our souls forever.

C. PLIMPTON.

ST. MARY'S, Feb. 25th.

#### THE CLAIMS OF THE PRESENT AGE.

Several young ladies, two in the Graduating Class, and some members of the First Senior, have undertaken the defense of the above claims, and are determined to win the promised picture.

Last Sunday evening, Prof. Griffith (by special request) gave the faculty and pupils at St. Mary's, the pleasure of listening to his inimitable rendering of "The Raven." The rapt attention of the audience was evident proof of the excellence of the reading, and when he passed from that mysterious poem to a humorous selection, the bursts of laughter that followed each droll personation, proved that the Professor possesses that *desideratum* of elocutionists, viz: the power of swaying the emotions of his hearers.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY, }  
MICHIGIAN CITY, IND., Feb. 7, 1868. }

The following pupils deserve honorable mention:

*First Division, First Class, Competition in reading and Grammar.*—Mary Charleton and Maggie Corbette.

*Second Division.*—B. McCarald, C. T. Reily.

*Conduct.*—M. McLaughlin and Kate McCrory.

*Regular Attendance.*—F. McLaughlin and Kate Reily.

*Second Class.*—G. Grant and Ella Shiels.

*Second Division.*—Anne Ashton and Joanna Glacen.

*German Class, First Division.*—Mary Kruger and Fanny Neimer.

*Competition in Geography.*—A. Ketzack and V. Hanson.

*Reading.*—Julia Niemens and Anne Berwanger.

*Catechism.*—Anne Berwanger and L. Seimetz.

SAINT AMBROSE'S SCHOOL, }  
MICHIGIAN CITY, IND., Jan. 31, 1868. }

The following pupils deserve honorable mention:

*First Class, First Division, Competition in Reading.*—Kate McCrory and Frances Olvaney.

*Second Division.*—W. Curtin and M. McLaughlin.

*Conduct.*—Mary Charleton and Maggie Lynch.

*Second Class.*—Mary Koonen and J. Fitzpatrick.

*Second Division.*—Kate Kenedy and Kate Lynch.

*German Class, First Division, Competition in Reading.*—Julia Neimer and L. Seimetz.

*Second Division.*—J. Seimetz and Mina Hasse.

*Geography.*—Amelia Niemen and Mary Hansen.

*Conduct.*—Augusta Seimetz and Mary Kruger.

#### Washington's Birthday at St. Mary's.

Washington's Birthday, the *twenty-second*, was distinguished by a feast in the refectory at five o'clock P. M. and a dance in the recreation-room, commencing at about seven and engaging the young ladies in the graceful pastime till about half-past ten o'clock.

Rome belongs neither to the Subalpines, nor to the Italians, nor even to the Romans. Rome is the capital of capitals, the metropolis of the Catholic world. O Roma felix quæ duorum principum, es consecrata glorioso sanguine! Horum cruore purpurata cæteras excellis, orbis Una, pulchritudines. Such is the cry which wells up to-day from the depth of hearts and consciences.